

Circus in the Grass

FRANCES FROST

Decorations by Frank Dobias

On a sunny orchard hummock,
prone I lie upon my stomach
and watch the insect circus pass
through the forest of the grass.

A grasshopper with silver legs
like a clown sidesteps and begs;
a dozen ants in swift parade
march beneath a daisy's shade.

A spider on his gauze trapeze
swings between two clover trees,
while a fat bee on a buttercup
beats bumble-drumming down and up.

Beetles on a patch of earth
like armored horses prance in mirth,
while a cricket with a shining middle
plays fanfares on his wingy fiddle.

Oh, wonderful this circus tent
of sky and branches apple-bent
while a white-throat whistles airy tunes
and the wind sells thistledown balloons!

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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Now It's Your Turn!

AS YOUR EDITOR, one of my pleasures this year has been to chat with you through this column on various subjects. The conversation, however, has had to be one-sided—too one-sided.

It is time now you had your turn to say something! During these past months, many of you have written such fine letters to your editor. Although space will not permit us to publish here all of what you have written, we are happy to present as much as we can.

"We think that this month's issue of the NEWS (October) is especially interesting. I like it because it is about farm boys."

GEORGE McCLEARY, JR., 5th grade
Reid School, Springfield, Ohio

"In your November issue of the NEWS is a story concerned with bull fighting with the emphasis on kindness. Thank you for helping those of us in the teaching field interested in the humanities."

RUTH ALDERSON ASHCRAFT, teacher
LaVerne Heights Grammar School
LaVerne, California

"I think your December 1947 issue is very lovely. I am glad to receive the NEWS and think it a very fine magazine."

ALMA G. INGRAM, Editor,
Junior Life

"I enjoyed your article on 'Old Christmas Customs' very much. May I make a correction on the date of the 'Festival of Lights'? The article mentions that the holiday starts December 17 at sundown each year. This year was an exception, as it began the night of the 7th and ended the 15th."

"I am very thankful I can read the NEWS every month because we have it in the classroom."

ZELDA BERNICE JARNOW, age 11
Public School 120, Queens
Jamaica, New York

(Continued on page 10)



Micco and Piccolino

MARIAN KING

Illustrations by Ann Eshner Jaffe



Micco ran quickly down the path to the shed.

JUST AS THE SUN was spreading itself across the early morning Sicilian sky, Micco slipped his sturdy brown legs into short pants and pulled a cotton blouse over his head. Then he tiptoed out of the room into the hallway and opened the door of the small stone cottage perched high above the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

He must hurry this morning, he thought. He had work to do! He chuckled as he felt in the pocket of his blouse. Yes, the folded sheet of paper was still there, but there wasn't even time to take the tiniest peek at it.

He pulled the door shut quietly behind him, and ran down the narrow path to the shed. He would stop just long enough to look in on Piccolino.

There, exactly as he thought, was his little brown and gray donkey still fast asleep on the earthen floor.

"Piccolino!" Micco whispered through the open window; "you're the laziest and most stubborn donkey I have ever seen!" He laughed softly as he started toward the garden.

Then he stopped suddenly. Old Giovanni was already in the garden!

He ran quickly down the path to the man bending over the purple-flowering cauliflower. "I thought I'd get here before you," Micco gasped.

The gardener looked up. "I thought you

would too." He smiled. "Read that notice again to make sure." Giovanni's eyes twinkled as Micco unfolded the wrinkled sheet of paper from his pocket.

Micco's low voice sounded very loud as he read in the stillness of the early morning:

**FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SHOW FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO BE HELD ON
SATURDAY, MAY 12th AT
TEN O'CLOCK IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE**

RULES

1. Flowers or vegetables must be grown by boys and girls themselves.
2. Flowers and vegetables must be displayed in a very unusual way.
3. Not more than two kinds of each may be entered by anyone. A single group of vegetables or flowers will be judged in the same way.

PRIZES

- FIRST PRIZE:** For boys, a suit or coat.
For girls, a dress or coat.
- SECOND PRIZE:** A pair of shoes.
- THIRD PRIZE:** Any toy from the toy booth.

"Oh, Giovanni, how I do want to win that first prize so little Bambino Brother can have a new suit!" and Micco looked longingly from Giovanni's smiling face to the purple flowers in the garden.

"Good," said Giovanni, "but now there is much to do. The sun will soon be well up and we won't be ready." He handed the boy a trowel.

TOGETHER they began to dig up the plants. Then Micco climbed on the wheel of the hand-painted cart at the side of the path. When the old cloth covering was removed,

Giovanno handed him the first plant. Carefully he laid it in the rich dirt that was piled high in the cart. On and on Micco worked, arranging his vegetables in even rows.

"Magnificent!" Giovanni stepped back as he admired the boy's plants shining in the early morning sunlight. "But why the space in the center?" he asked with surprise.

"Oh, that!" Micco smiled as he jumped to the ground. He ran to a nearby clump of fruit trees and reached for the bucket filled with pale pink almond blossoms hidden behind them. "I picked them last evening." He handed Giovanni the container while he climbed on the cart again. Then he set the pail full of the delicate pink in the empty space.

Giovanno smiled his approval. "We'd better give them some water," he suggested. "They'll keep fresher under the covering."

When the plants were well soaked, Micco carefully laid the cloth over the top of the cart.

As he jumped down, Micco said, "Now I must wake up Piccolino!" And off he ran first to

Behind Micco and Piccolino, and in front of them, were boys and girls of all sizes. Some carried baskets filled with fresh flowers and vegetables.



the house to get his lacquer whistle. Softly he began to blow his whistle, and then, just as softly, he began to sing.

AS HE OPENED the door of the shed, Micco laughed heartily. Piccolino was just pulling himself to his feet. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes at his young master.

"It always takes a song to get you moving!" Micco patted the long ears and the shaggy head. Then, as he slipped the harness over Piccolino, he began to sing again.

Still singing, Micco led the slow-moving animal down the hill to the cart. Carefully he and Giovanni backed him into the shafts, and fastened the harness.

"Don't sing, Giovanni, for just a minute," Micco warned Giovanni. "I'll be back soon." And with that the boy darted up the path.

INSIDE the shed Micco reached for a bundle.

He hummed softly to himself as he slipped into his very best clothes and shoved his feet into brown leather sandals. He smoothed his hair back, and put on his little round cap. With the whistle and the much worn sheet of paper tucked safely in his pocket, Micco took from a book a band of gaily colored feathers. Piccolino must be dressed up, too.

Slipping through the doorway of the shed, he was back in an instant with Giovanni.

"You're magnificent!" The old man admired him proudly.

Then they both climbed up to the seat on the cart.

Micco began to sing first as Piccolino moved along out of the garden. Then Giovanni picked up the song as they drove steadily along. How well they knew that Piccolino would not budge an inch unless he had a song, or a tune from Micco's lacquer whistle!

SOON THEY started to climb a long, winding hill. How bright was the sky! How blue the sea below them! How beautiful the blossoms and the cactus with the sun on them! Up and up they climbed, Micco and Giovanni taking turns with their singing, and Piccolino trudging right along.

They finally came to a fork in the road. They turned left and found the main road crowded with hand-painted carts filled with market produce. Behind them and in front of them were boys and girls of all sizes. Some carried baskets filled with flowers and vegetables. Others pulled their well-laden small carts. Still others carried their displays in their arms. How colorful and gay the road looked with so many bouquets!

At the top of the hill they turned into the wide street that led to the village square. What a sight met them there! Flowers and vegetables everywhere! There were booths filled with sweets. Booths filled with toys, with bright shawls, with vegetables or fruit for sale.

"One is prettier than the other!" Micco's voice shook with excitement. "I wonder——"

Just then a trumpet sounded. A man came to the middle of the square. "Will all the boys and girls please take a place so that the judging can start."

"That means you, too," old Giovanni said to Micco. He stopped the cart and stepped down from his seat. "It's yours from now on."

SOFTLY MICCO started to sing, and Piccolino started to move. Carefully Micco guided him to a large, empty space, and just as carefully he uncovered his display. The plants were as fresh as though they were still growing in the garden.

Three men came towards Micco. "Your name, please?" one asked.

"Micco Gelardi." Micco's voice was steady.

"Unusual plants," one man said as he looked at the vegetables. "Did you grow them?" he questioned.

Micco smiled proudly. "That I did."

"Beautiful," the second exclaimed.

The third patted Piccolino's head and said, as he moved along to the next exhibitor, "Excellent showing."

Micco stood beside Piccolino and talked



Micco and his donkey, Piccolino.

softly to him. "Oh, Piccolino!" Micco rubbed his face tenderly against the donkey. "If we could only win a prize! Just one!" He sighed as he thought of Bambino Brother.

THE TRUMPET sounded again. All was quiet as one of the judges stepped into the center of the square.

"It has been very hard to decide on the winning vegetable plants," he said. "This is an unusually fine display. We shall have to have the four best exhibitors march around so that the audience can judge them with their applause. Will these boys please come forward and bring their exhibits: Antonio Memmi, Fillippo Mariotto, Florenzo Gaddi——"

A mist clouded Micco's eyes, but he fought it back.

"And Micco Gelardi," the voice concluded.

"That means you," the boy next to Micco said as Micco stood still.

Quickly Micco climbed into the seat of the cart and began to sing. Piccolino pricked up his ears, turned his shaggy head and blinked, and slowly began to move toward the center of the square.

"Look at that cart!" "Look at that donkey!"

"See that beautiful cauliflower!" "Hear that boy sing!" "Magnificent!" the people shouted.

SUDDENLY Piccolino stopped. No matter how much Micco urged and pleaded and coaxed, he refused to move. The applause became louder. But the louder the clapping and shouting, the more the noise drowned out Micco's singing. Piccolino would not budge.

"Please, Piccolino! Please go on! It's just

a little further!" Micco's voice shook. Then he sang and whistled, but still Piccolino would not move.

Micco glanced at the enthusiastic crowd. Then he waved to them, thinking they would stop the applause. But they shouted and clapped all the more. What would he do? Perhaps he could go up to the judges. He started to jump down from his cart, but stopped when he saw old Giovanni making his way across the square. He would know what to do. But could even he stop the noise? Micco was doubtful.

Suddenly he saw Giovanni turn and walk straight up to the judges. Micco could see his lips moving as he spoke to one of them. Then he saw the judge throw up his hands and start to laugh. He motioned to the trumpeter to sound his trumpet again.

"Will the audience please be quiet," the judge said, "until the boy with the donkey comes to his place in the square? His donkey will not pull the cart unless he has a song or a tune from the boy's whistle."

THE AUDIENCE, amused as the judge at the incident, broke into laughter. Then followed shouts and cheers, and more applause, before they finally quieted down.

Softly Micco began to sing; slowly Piccolino began to move.

"Sing louder," someone called.

Micco smiled and sang louder than he had ever sung before.

At last he and Piccolino stood in front of the judges.

"Take him around the square," one judge said. "The plants are too beautiful to be missed by anyone!"

Slowly Piccolino picked his way around the square. Micco sang one song after another, and played all the tunes he knew on his whistle, until he couldn't sing or whistle another note. And when he stopped he suddenly realized that someone else was singing, and Piccolino was mov-

ing. He looked to the right and left. All the boys and girls who had come with their flowers and vegetables had joined in song.

Micco waved his thanks and guided Piccolino back to the judges.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the crowds of people. "Bravo!" they shouted again and again, until the judges beckoned to the trumpeter.

When all was quiet one judge stepped forward with a paper in his hand. "The judges have decided that the three other contestants should go around the square again unless we can note by hand clapping."

THE APPLAUSE that followed drowned out even the trumpeter. And when the crowd finally quieted down the judge had each contestant step forward. Micco was the last.

As the boy picked up Piccolino's reins the crowd stood up and shouted: "Give it to him! The boy with the donkey!"

The judges stepped up to Micco. One of them pinned a blue ribbon on Piccolino's harness while the donkey bobbed his thanks.

The crowd broke into great laughter, and as the band began to play the people shouted more than ever.

"Piccolino! Oh, Piccolino!" Micco jumped to the ground to hug his pet. "We've won, Piccolino! We've won first prize!" The boy's eyes were filled with tears. "Now Bambino can have a new suit to wear to school!"



"We've won! We've won first prize!"



From the Land of the Greeks

We have read about Athens, the Acropolis, the Parthenon. But actual letters from the boys and girls of modern Greece make this beautiful country on the Aegean Sea much more real.



Apollo, best loved god in Greek mythology.

TO THIS DAY, all travelers visiting Greece eagerly await their first glimpse of the Acropolis, that city of beautiful temples built nearly four hundred years before Christ. On high, rocky ground some four miles from the Aegean Sea, the Acropolis is now part of the capital city, Athens. Piraeus is its port.

When we read stories of Pandora, Apollo, and Orpheus with his lute, Greece may seem very far away. But when we receive school correspondence albums from boys and girls who live there today and are members of the Greek Junior Red Cross, their beautiful country becomes close and real. Their history goes back many centuries, but their interests, their needs, and their hopes are like those of young people in America.

As soon after World War II as possible the Greek Junior Red Cross distributed gifts sent to them from friends all over the world. Among these were much needed medical supplies, chocolate candy, sewing kits, toilet articles, cocoa, cod liver oil, food and children's clothing, gift boxes and paper to assist in printing the Greek Junior Red Cross magazine. Many of these gifts came from the Junior Red Cross in Australia, Canada and the United States.

YOU MAY LEARN FIRSTHAND

In one 2-month period Greek Junior Red Cross groups prepared 192 school correspondence albums to send abroad. In December 1947 we received 143 of their albums.

Has your school already taken advantage of the opportunity the Junior Red Cross offers you, through the school correspondence program, to make the acquaintance of young people in Greece? If not, we hope you will soon arrange to do so.

Wouldn't it give you a thrill to receive an album straight from Athens, or Piraeus, or the Island of Crete? Here is an example of the interesting way in which these young Greeks write:

"Our village is on the slopes of Mt. Asterousia 200 meters high and has an excellent view. In front of it is the Messara plain, the biggest in Crete. A little farther is Messara gulf.

"Then your eyes can rest on the olive groves or on the snow-clad Mt. Psiloritis.

"Almost all the 500 villagers living here grow olive trees, which is a blessed tree preferred by gods and much written about by poets. We also have vineyards which produce wine and sultanas. We have a few domestic animals.

WEAVE OWN CLOTHING

"We have plenty of water which helps us in fruit tree growing.

"We seldom sell our cocoons; our girls prefer instead to weave themselves nice silk cloth.

Famous ruins, such as the Acropolis, remind us of the building skill and artistic sense of the ancient Greeks.



T.W.A AIRLINE PHOTO

"It is only a short time ago that we joined Junior Red Cross, and we are very happy we have been given the opportunity to work for the promotion of its high ideals together with the youth of the world.

"Part of our program of work is seeing to it that our school is always kept clean. We clean the street leading to our school, and plant flowers in the school yard.

"Led by our teacher, we were the first in our village to fight locust swarms."

CITY IN MOUNTAINS

From the elementary school in Dirrema, Arkadia, comes this description of a Greek mountain city:

"Dirrema is at the center of Peloponese two hours distant from Vitina. Many people come to spend their summers here every year. Dirrema is built on mountains 1,200 meters above level and it is full of fir trees. Its many springs with their cold water are very pretty.

"The houses are small and poor and there is only one shop. For this reason people buy their supplies from Vitina every Sunday. The people are mostly wood cutters and agriculturists. The summer here is very pleasant, but in winter the snow is one meter high.

"On the 25th of March, which is the day of both our national and religious celebration, each child brings two boards with which we make a platform to be used as a stage. We dress in national costumes and perform plays, and our parents come to see us.

"When we are through with our homework we help our father. We go with him to the woods where he cuts the wood. We bring it into the village on mule back. We also bring water from the fountain for mother's washing and cooking. The girls stay home and help her with the housekeeping.

"All of us have one or more goats or sheep

which we take out to the fields for grazing.

"Our school has 312 pupils, and, because the classrooms are so few, half of the pupils have classes in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. We have five teachers.

BEGINNING OF JUNIOR RED CROSS

"One day our teacher made a speech to us about the Junior Red Cross, its purposes and ideals; then he asked us who would like to join. All of us accepted willingly and we formed two groups. That very day we began to work for the good of our village. We cleaned pools of water where malaria mosquitoes breed. We fenced the monument of our heroes and planted flowers about it. We work every day to keep our schools clean; also, we have made a school garden."

FAVORITE GREEK GAMES

Perhaps you would like to try this game as the children play it in Macedonia. It is called "The Shadows":

"This is a very high spirited game. We lay a sheet on a wall carefully, so there are no wrinkles. One member of the group sits on a low bench facing the sheet, being careful not to have her own shadow fall on it. Behind her, a little way off, a lamp is placed and the other lights in the room are turned out. Then all the rest of the group pass one by one between the seated person and the light so that their shadows fall on the sheet. The seated one is supposed to guess who each is by looking at the sheet. Each one changes

his way of walking and tries to fool the seated one. The first one to be recognized takes the seat and the game continues."

"Another favorite Greek game is *STATUES*. This game is played in a big room, yard or field by from 6 to 12 persons.

"We draw two parallel lines on the ground, leaving a distance of 20 to 30 meters between them. (A meter is equal to 39.37 inches.) At

the back of the one line is the *studio* with the *statues*, and behind the other line is the *sculptor*.

"When the game starts, the *sculptor* turns his back and starts to count.

"In the meanwhile, the *statues* try to escape moving slowly towards the *sculptor*. As soon as the *sculptor* turns around they have to be still, resuming the same position they had in the *studio*.

"If one of the *statues* is caught moving or in a different position than he had in the *studio*, he is sent back and has to begin his escape all over again as soon as the *sculptor* starts to count.

"The first *statue* to pass the *sculptor's* line takes his place and the game goes on."

"LEAP FROG is another favorite game with Greek young people, but in Crete it is called *AVGATESTIC*, which means 'on the long river.'"

—Alice Ingersoll Thornton

Dolls in Greek costumes were sent by the Greek Junior Red Cross to American Juniors to say "Thank you!" for their gift boxes.



(Continued from page 3)

"The December issue of the *NEWS* contained so many interesting features and was so full of the Christmas spirit that we of the Brandt School could not resist writing you about it. . . . Not only is the *NEWS* popular in December, but every month of the year. In fact we feel we just could not get along without it."

MARJORIE LIVINGSTON, Teacher-Sponsor
Brandt Junior High School
Hoboken, New Jersey

"We are interested in the *NEWS* and enjoy reading it very much because we like to know about children in other lands."

THELMA JOSUE, 4th grade
Seaside School
Monterey, California

"I enjoyed the story 'Sequoyah—The Alphabet Maker' especially, because our school is named after Sequoyah and we are located in the heart of what was once the Cherokee country."

SHIRLEY GREEN, 6th grade
Sequoyah School
Knoxville, Tennessee

Arthur Ford, a fifth grade student at Cherry Street School, Columbus, Pennsylvania, sent us this original poem:

MAY DAY

May Day! May Day!
Is a time for colors gay,
For yellow, red, pink and blue;
Is the time for me and you.

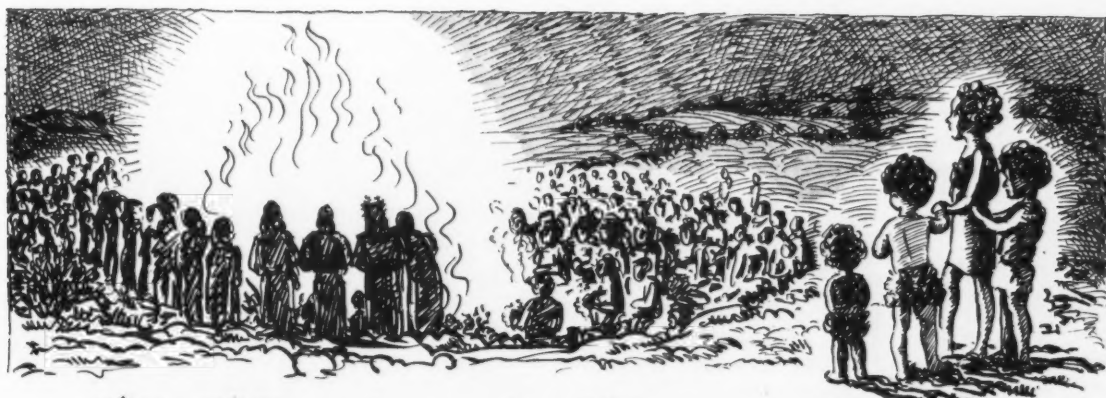
It's a time for color rare.
We dance around the pole with care.
We dance and sing and have such fun.
We only dance—we do not run.

Even at home we celebrate
Because we think the day so great;
Father, mother, sister, brother,
We all dance with one another!

And now it's time to say "adios" until next October, for the *NEWS*, you know, is not published during the summer months.

So, until we meet again next fall, a happy, safe summer to you.

Lois S. Johnson, editor



Cl-Maying in Many Lands

MARIAN VAN RENSELLAER

Illustrations by Iris White

*"As we dance round a-ring-a-ring,
A maiden goes a-maying;
And here a flower, and there a flower,
Through mead and meadow straying."*

—Author Unknown

SOME BELIEVE that May Day began thousands of years ago with the Druids, whose custom it was to worship trees. These ancient folk, in their wooded dells and forests, climbed the hilltops on the eve of May the first, to build huge bonfires which they kept burning all through the day and far into the night to honor their God Bel.

This custom is still carried out in Ireland and among the Scotch Highlanders, to whom the observance is known as Beltime, "the day of Bel's fire."

MAY DAY IN ROME

Others say that the keeping of May Day began with the Romans, who paid tribute on this day to their lovely Goddess Flora who presided over the fruits and the flowers. According to tradition, the first person to place a wreath in the temple would have good fortune throughout the year.

What a pleasant sight those massive white marble columns must have been, decked with long ropes of flowers twined about them in the sunlight! And the children in their white flowing gowns, dancing along beside mothers and older sisters, tossing flowers as they went, leaving the roads paved with blossoms!

LEGEND OF MAY POLE

An old Hungarian legend tells an interesting story about the beginning of the May Tree or the May Pole as it was later called. Many centuries ago, a woman who was known as a good Christian left her home to help a neighbor.

No sooner had she started out, carrying her staff in hand, than she was attacked by some of her fellow citizens and charged with evil behavior. Aware that she was being accused unjustly, the woman angrily plunged her staff into the earth, appealing to Saint Philip and Saint James to help her prove her innocence.

Hardly had her prayer been uttered when a growing tree, green with leaves, took the place of her wooden staff. From that time Hungarians have set aside the first of May to honor the two apostles, Philip and James; and the May Tree still stands as a token of good will, honesty, and justice.

Many beautiful customs have been added during the centuries to this day's festival of flowers and greens. During the Middle Ages in England the peasants made much of this day. Being tillers of the soil, naturally they looked forward to spring and May Day, a day symbolic of joy, happiness, and fresh hope.

"BRINGING HOME THE MAY"

Long before dawn on the first of May, young and old were off to the woods and fields to gather every green-growing thing and all the flowers they could find. When their arms, baskets, and carts were full they started back to the village rejoicing with song and laughter. In this manner they "brought home the May."

Some went directly to the village square, others to their homes to decorate their doors and windows and fill hanging baskets. Those who went to the square helped to erect the Maypole, upon which were placed garlands and wreaths. At the top of the huge pole long colorful streamers were fastened and the ends left to fall gracefully to the ground. Joyously, men, women, and children picked up the long ribbon streamers to dance and sing around the pole. As they skipped and stepped, the village peddler played gay tunes.

No Maypole celebration in England was complete without the famous Morris dancers in their white linen smocks, below the hems of which brass bells jingle from leather straps reaching from their knees to heavy black leather boots.

Apart from all these morning celebrations, many other ceremonies were carried on during the day. Games and sports of all kinds were enjoyed by young and old. Fairs and festivals were held. Punch and Judy shows, pet contests, or other exhibitions were popular. Many took part in the long processions of singing and dancing as they paraded around the village or the green. Floats of all kinds were decorated for prizes. Costumes were judged and awards were made for the prettiest, the most original, and the most comical.

EVEN COWS WENT MAYING

The milkmaids had a special part to play. Much rivalry among them took place in the preparation of what was called "the garland." This was no ordinary tree or pole but was built with milk pails that were polished until they shone like mirrors!

When the pails were all arranged and fastened together, every silver cup, tankard, or dairy article that could be begged or borrowed was added to the pyramid, now ready to be decorated with blossoms and colored ribbons. Then "the garland" was carried from house to house, the milkmaids dancing around it to the tune of the fiddle.

Sometimes the maids would decorate their cows, gilding their horns and draping their



Even the cows were decked out in garlands of flowers and leaves when the milkmaids prepared for the May Day celebration in old-time England.

fat, shiny bodies with flowers, leaves, and colored streamers.

KING OF MAY, TOO

A Queen of May has been a traditional figure ever since the beginning of May Day. In some localities a May King also presided over the festivities when they lasted far into the night.

As for kings, it is said that Henry VIII of England in his younger days would rise at an early hour and with his wife, Queen Katherine of Aragon, accompanied by many Lords and Ladies, would ride into the woods "a-Maying."

PURITANS FROWNED

When Oliver Cromwell came into power, all May Day festivities were suspended, for the Puritans one and all were opposed to them, for political and religious reasons. But, when Charles II ascended the throne, the May Day celebrations were revived and have existed ever since.

In the minds of many May Day is associated chiefly with England. However, in many parts of the world this beautiful and joyous occasion is still observed with pomp and ceremony.

WREATHS EXCHANGED

In France on May Day morning little children get up bright and early to collect pennies. Then a young girl who has been chosen by her community is dressed in a white robe and is crowned with a small wreath of flowers, usually periwinkle, lily of the valley, and narcissus. In one hand she carries an olive scepter,

in the other an empty basket twined with blossoms. Then she is led to a church archway, where she stands so that passers-by will fill her basket with small coins to be used for the celebration of the May Festival.

The exchange of wreaths between friends on this day is a custom that has never faded. It is said that if one makes a wish while wearing the wreaths, it is bound to come true.

In Denmark, too, the exchange of wreaths is a popular custom. In Sweden huge bonfires burn the night through on May Eve. There is a superstition that this will keep the witches away. In Poland the children gather sprigs of green and go from house to house selling them for a few pennies. It is believed that the greens will bring a blessing not only to the house but to crops and cattle as well.

Games and sports are an important part of the May Day program in Italy. In Greece a national holiday from school takes many to the woods to fetch flowers for wreaths which are hung up and dried until the Eve of St. John. Then they are taken from their hooks to be burned in a big bonfire in honor of the

saint. In some parts of this little country the classical dances are still performed by young maidens who wear their ancestral white Grecian robes.

MAY DAY IN THE UNITED STATES

In America some of the early settlers tried to establish a May Day during Governor Bradford's time. But the Governor, a good Puritan, said a loud, emphatic "No!" It was not until some time later that May Day became established. Today in the States May Day is celebrated among the schools, colleges, and universities much as it was in Europe during Middle Ages.

"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and young desire,
Woods and groves are thy dressing,
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

—John Milton





▲ The toothbrush he found in his gift box brings great pleasure to this Estonian boy.



▲ Latvian children receive their gifts at special outdoor ceremony.



▲ A monkey on a stick, a bar of sweet-smelling soap, a red comb, a picture from faraway—these small but important articles found in their gift boxes delight boys and girls of Korea.

GIFTS BRING JOY

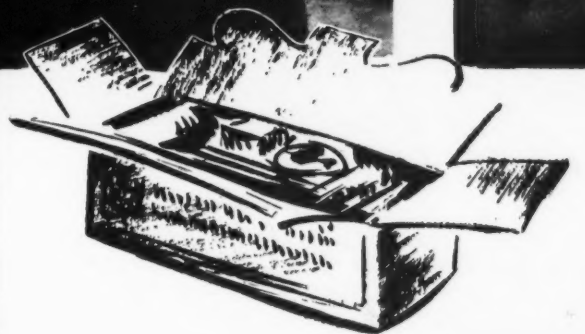
Presents from the school children through the American Junior Red Cross bring joy to the faces of their friends the world over. For a long time, have had little to make



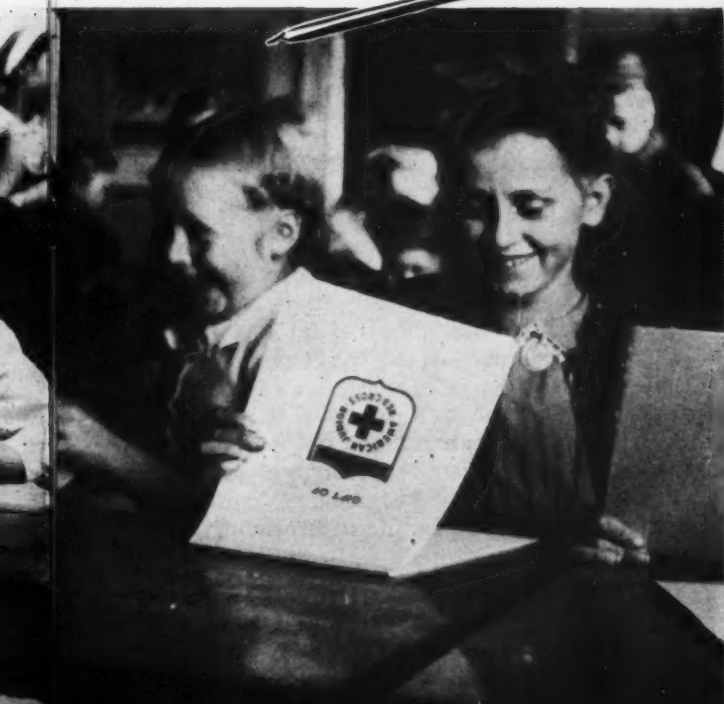
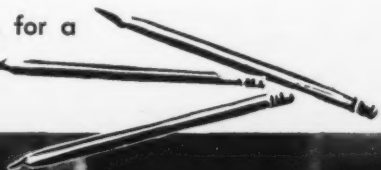
"Greetings from the American Junior Red Cross" is stamped on the outside of boxes these Latvian children hold. Their eyes sparkle at the thought of what they will find inside. ➤



▲ Estonian children at Geislingen Assembly Center for Displaced Persons say "Thanks!"



Children of the United States
for Red Cross bring smiles to
the world over, who, for a
to make them happy.



▲ These little girls at Hanau Center, Germany, are proud of their new dresses. Workers at Displaced Persons centers fashioned them out of material received from friends in America.

◀ "The first thing I'll write will be a letter to my friends in Americal!" Writing tablets and pencils, found by Finnish children in their gift boxes, suggest many pleasant occupations.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

MARK HAWKINS

Pictures by Beth Krush

JULIA's mother kissed her good night. Then she tucked her under the covers. "Now go to sleep. Tomorrow we are going out to play in the park. We'll buy a big bag of peanuts and we will ride on the merry-go-round."



Julia said, "What animals are there on the merry-go-round?"

"There's an elephant, a horse, a lion, a tiger, a rabbit, a giraffe and a big fat hippopotamus!" her mother answered.

"Oooo Fun! Lots of fun!" said Julia, and she pulled the covers under her chin and closed her eyes.

Then Julia's mother turned out the light and tiptoed out of the room.

Julia was thinking with her eyes closed. Julia thought a merry-go-round was a funny sort of zoo. The animals would be pretty and the music loud! But would all the animals like to have a little girl ride on their backs? Julia kept on thinking and thinking and thinking . . . and pretty soon there she was standing right beside a great big merry-go-round. And she was eating a sack of peanuts.

It was just as her mother had said. There was:

A BIG GREY ELEPHANT

A BLACK HORSE WEARING BRIGHT RED BEADS

A TIGER WITH YELLOW STRIPES

A LAUGHING LION WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN

A WHITE RABBIT WITH BIG PINK EARS

A GIRAFFE WITH HIS NECK AS HIGH AS A HOUSE

AND A BIG FAT HIPPOPOTAMUS!

"I wonder which one shall I ride," thought Julia.

First she thought she'd ride on the rabbit, and then she thought she would ride on the hippopotamus—he looked so fat and funny.

But, before she decided, the elephant looked up and saw her eating peanuts. He walked off the merry-go-round right over to Julia. He stuck out his long trunk and put it in her bag of peanuts. He went "whoof" and pulled in with his trunk three peanuts. He curled his trunk, put Julia's peanuts in his mouth, and

once more stuck his long trunk in Julia's sack. "Whoooooo!"—three more peanuts! Julia didn't want the elephant to eat up ALL her peanuts, so she closed the bag, turned around, and walked away from the hungry elephant. She looked back over her shoulder—and what did she see? The elephant was walking right behind her. And following behind the elephant came all the animals—the horse, the lion, the tiger, the rabbit, the giraffe, and, last of all, the big fat hippopotamus. Julia kept on walking, but wherever she went they all followed her. "Why this is just like a parade," Julia thought.

JULIA walked out on the grass and sat down. And the animals sat down in a big circle all around her. "Goodness," thought Julia, "they are all hungry! They all want peanuts!" So she opened her sack and gave each of the animals two peanuts. They went "Gulp!, Gulp." And all the peanuts were gone. Just like that.

Julia looked in her sack. There was just one peanut left. She took the peanut out of the sack to eat it, but just then the elephant stuck out his trunk to take it away from her. He was still hungry.

"That's my peanut!" said Julia. She closed her fist tightly over the peanut and got up and started to run. She ran around a great big tree. She looked back. And what did she see? All the animals came running behind her! Julia ran around and around, and they followed in a big circle behind her. Julia ran so fast that she almost caught up with the big fat hippopotamus, who was last of all.

"Goodness!" thought Julia. "I can run faster than a big fat hippopotamus, on this merry-go-round"—for it was just like another merry-go-round. "But whoever heard of a merry-go-round under a tree?" thought Julia. "Mother said there would be a:

A BIG GREY ELEPHANT

A BLACK HORSE WEARING BRIGHT RED BEADS

A TIGER WITH YELLOW STRIPES

A LAUGHING LION WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN

A WHITE RABBIT WITH BIG PINK EARS

A GIRAFFE WITH HIS NECK AS HIGH AS A HOUSE

AND A BIG FAT HIPPOPOTAMUS"

But

"WHAT AM I DOING ON THIS MERRY-GO-ROUND? I'M NOT AN ANIMAL! WHY, I'M JULIA!"

SHE opened her eyes. She was in her bed. She looked up and saw her mother.

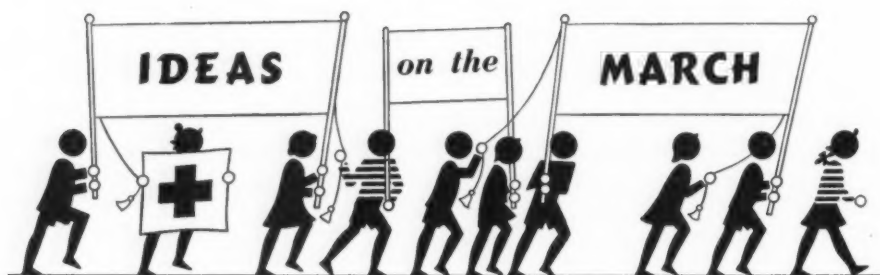
"Wake up," said her mother. "Time for Julia to get dressed. Remember? Today we're going to ride on the merry-go-round!"

Julia rubbed her eyes. Then she shook her head. "But, mommy, we can't ride on the merry-go-round. All the animals have left. They are all running around a big tree waiting for some more peanuts!"

"We'll see," said Mother. And sure enough, when they got to the merry-go-round—they were all there, waiting for Julia to ride.

Julia ran around and around with the animals in a big circle.





TURTLE RACES

EIGHT TINY TURTLES were the star performers when Juniors helped entertain at the Red Cross carnival held at Thayer Veterans Hospital, Nashville, Tennessee. Veterans gathered around the gaily decorated Junior Red Cross booth, watching the turtle races and cheering on their favorite entries.

The turtles themselves seemed to enjoy it, and entered into the races so enthusiastically that the eighth grade boys who were managing the event dipped them in dishes of water from time to time for an enforced rest.

A turtle named "Lightning" was the favorite of the veterans, and won most of the races.

FOREST FIRES

WE ALL know that vacation time is the time for fun, but it is also the time when we must be extra careful to help prevent fires of every kind. Let's pledge ourselves to remember that it pays to be careful. **DON'T FORGET LITTLE FIRES CAN GROW UP INTO BIG FIRES!**

During the forest fire disaster in Maine last fall, Junior Red Cross members in the elementary schools of Bath, Maine, gave splendid aid. Through their own planning, as neighbors, they collected 117 cartons of clothing and 15 large containers of canned and packaged foods for the fire victims—a remarkable job, since Bath has a population of only about 10,000 to 12,000.

BOOKS BRING ADVENTURE

TO PROMOTE a better friendship and understanding between the peoples in the world, Junior Red Cross members of the Harrisburg Chapter (Pennsylvania) helped to conduct a series of radio programs called *Books Bring Adventure*. For 13 weeks

during the winter, members worked with the Junior League group each Wednesday evening in presenting an adventure from a book.

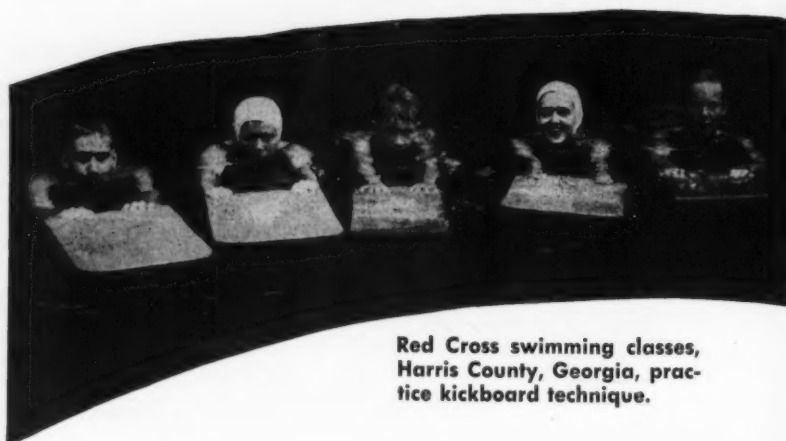
The adventures were recorded transcriptions. Pupils listened in and wrote a summary of the story in class next day. For the best summary, the book from which the adventure was recorded was awarded to the grade to which the pupil belonged.

CIRCUS DAY

A RUMBLE BUMBLE circus was staged last spring by Junior Red Cross members of Saskatchewan, Canada.

Headed by a decorated band wagon in which rode the school band, the parade was made up of express wagons fitted with carefully built cages that housed the circus animals. Household pets sat in the cages, substituting for their untamed ancestors.

A schoolroom, properly decorated, served as the "Big Top." There were tumbling acts, songs, folk dancing, and animal performances, including a Panda bear on roller skates! A puppet theater, set up and operated by Juniors, added to the fun. Proceeds from the "circus" went into the service fund.



Red Cross swimming classes, Harris County, Georgia, practice kickboard technique.

JUNIORS IN SOUTH AFRICA

JUNIOR Red Cross members in Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa, held their annual rally recently, with an audience of nearly 2,000. The film, *The Magic Chain*, was shown, demonstrating the work of the Junior Red Cross Link in South Africa. The commentary was in both English and Afrakaans (the language of the natives).

DOLL EXHIBIT

PUPILS in the schools of the Detroit Chapter (Michigan) are enjoying an exhibit of unusual dolls. The dolls were handmade by a volunteer and dressed in beautiful foreign costumes. They are in couples and represent most of the countries with which Junior Red Cross members exchange albums.

A LESSON FOR SWIMMERS

JUNIOR Red Cross members can learn a lesson about swimming from Grandma Baker. Grandma Baker is 77 years of age and lives in Newberg, Oregon. She has 23 grandchildren. When she took one of them, little

Teddy, to the beginners' Red Cross swim class, she decided to learn how to swim right then and there. She considers swimming excellent for her health.

Aside from the health value, learning to swim is a sure way to fit oneself for service to others. Almost anyone can become a good swimmer. Even a missing leg is no handicap. This was proved by a girl in Atlanta, Georgia, who had such a disability. She passed the Red Cross senior life-saving test with no trouble. Not only can she do fancy dives, but she performs the "cross-chest" carry with ease. And rescuing persons much heavier than herself is no task for her.

THANK YOU!

THE FOLLOWING letter from Belgium was received by the Kansas City and Jackson County Chapter, Missouri, Junior Red Cross members:

"We are very happy to thank you, our United States friends, who sent us gift boxes by the interposition of Red Cross. We are boys from eight to twelve years, of a school of village near Liege in Belgium. For a time we lived with the brave soldiers of your great nation fifteen miles from the battlefield of the Ardennes. Four miles from our school is a cemetery where sleep 17,500 braves of U.S.A. We shall never forget our defenders who made an indestructible bond between U.S.A. and Belgium."

—Marion Bloom



▲ Junior members, Cordell, Oklahoma, ride hook-and-ladder truck, learn first-hand lesson in firefighting.

Veterans at Thayer Hospital, Nashville, Tennessee, help Juniors keep score on turtle races at Red Cross carnival. ➤



PHOTO BY GRANNISH



Ying-Fa Lee's Lucky Star

TOM STOWE

The true story of a Chinese orphan.

YING-FA LEE is certain that when he was born he was "faced with a lucky star," as the Chinese say. It is the only way he can account for the fact that he is the hero of a fairy tale more exciting than any he has ever heard or read.

During the four years since he had lost his parents in an air raid, 8-year-old Ying-Fa had been living a helter-skelter life. He had no home where he could go for food and a comfortable bed. He slept wherever he happened to be when night came. His only food was scraps of garbage from American army camps in his home town, Kunming, China.

One cold night in March 1945 he stretched out in a deserted street, his usual bed, and fell asleep. Suddenly his "lucky star" flashed across the dark sky of his life. A gentle hand on his shoulder wakened him. He looked up into the friendly eyes of an American soldier. Before he could protest, the soldier picked him up and carried him back to camp. He was given warm food and fresh clothing. Later he told his new friends his unhappy story.

A deep friendship sprang up between the two. The soldier, Lt. Samuel J. Lowery, decided to adopt Ying-Fa and take him home with him as soon as the war was over.

All arrangements had been made, Ying-Fa had his passport, and the day came for them to sail to America. But Ying-Fa was not on the

dock. Deeply troubled, his new father searched everywhere for him. But he could not be found. When Lt. Lowery could wait no longer, sadly he left China without Ying-Fa.

Lt. Lowery and his wife appealed to the Red Cross to help find their foster son. Over and over they asked themselves: "Why did he run away? What has become of him?" Two years went by and no hopeful word came.

BUT FAR OFF in Kunming a certain "lucky star" had made its appearance once more. The Red Cross, working with the U. S. Consulate, located Ying-Fa. Shortly after, his new father came for him and took him to America in an airplane. He wasn't taking any more chances with ships!

Safe in his new home Ying-Fa explained why he had run away so mysteriously. Some older boys in Kunming had told him he would not be welcome in America. "The boys will beat you there," they said. "They are your enemies." Frightened, he had run away.

Today Ying-Fa Lee is in the third grade. His parents are proud of his report card which shows "A" in penmanship, "B" in reading, and "A" in cooperation. He is very happy in his American home and would like everyone to know that he hasn't found a single enemy—only friends.



Ying-Fa Lee, or Harry (second from front), as he is known to his American friends, enjoys school work, and studies hard.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES



LEARN TO SWIM

You can't think of a better sport to save your life!

1948

MAY

1948

Sun.

Mon.

Tues.

Wed.

Thurs.

Fri.

Sat.

BESIDES BEING FUN, knowing how to swim well is often life saving. The American Red Cross offers boys and girls a chance to learn the right way. Don't put it off. Ask your Junior Red Cross teacher-sponsor about classes today.

MAY
DAY

Remember—
"It's smart
to be safe!"

3

4

5

6

7

Choose a
safe place
to swim.

MOTHER'S
DAY

10

11

12

13

14

Save Food!
Help prevent
hunger.

Have you a
Freedom
Garden?

17

18

19

20

21

Plan a closing
day JRC as-
sembly.

MEMORIAL
DAY

24
31

25

26

27

28

Happy
Vacationing!



When
it's

HOT



DON'T
live
on
snacks!



DO eat three good
meals, with
lots of
vegetables
fruit
and
milk.



DO take many baths,
refreshing,
cleansing,
and
a help in guarding
against infection.



DO see that you get
extra salt, to
make up
for that
lost in perspiration.



DO drink lots of
water.



DO wear loose,
light (weight
and color)
clothes that
allow easy
perspiration.



DON'T
exercise
strenuously
in the
hottest part of the day, nor
just before or after meals.



DO get lots of sleep



Louise O. Macy.



Floating Hospital

"Sea voyage" provides fun as well as medical care for convalescent children of New York.

"All ashore that's goin' ashore!" A day on the water is ahead of these young passengers aboard New York's "floating hospital."

There is a strange and special enchantment about a trip made on the water. Even if it lasts only one day, and we are never out of sight of land, a boat ride furnishes our minds with all sorts of wonderful things to remember—and, at the same time, rests our bodies.

That is why the one-day vacation which New York's handicapped children and their mothers are enjoying aboard the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild is so popular. Each day nearly a thousand children and their mothers travel around Manhattan Island by

way of New York's rivers and her harbor.

While the babies sleep or play in the nursery, and the older children enjoy games and reading under the supervision of girl attendants, the mothers, free of responsibility, may take naps themselves, or lazily watch the changing scenery.

When the boat docks in the evening the children have had not only a day of fun and fresh sea air, but between games and reading have had their medical needs cared for by a fully equipped staff of dentists and doctors.

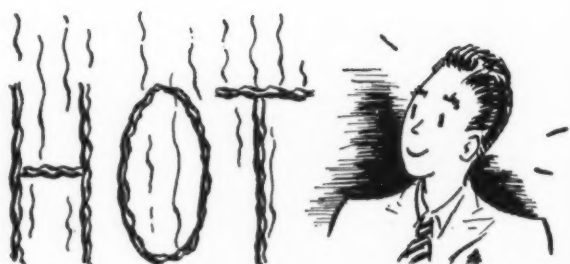
While children relax in the sunshine and fresh air, they learn to make vases from ordinary bottles.



Story books, distributed by attendants aboard ship, make the reading hour a pleasant experience.



PHOTOS BY GEORGE PICKOW, THREE LIONS



DON'T
live
on
snacks!



DO eat three good
meals, with
lots of
vegetables
fruit
and
milk.



DO take many baths,
refreshing,
cleansing,
and
a help in guarding
against infection.



DO see that you get
extra salt, to
make up
for that
lost in perspiration



DO drink lots of
water.



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light (weight
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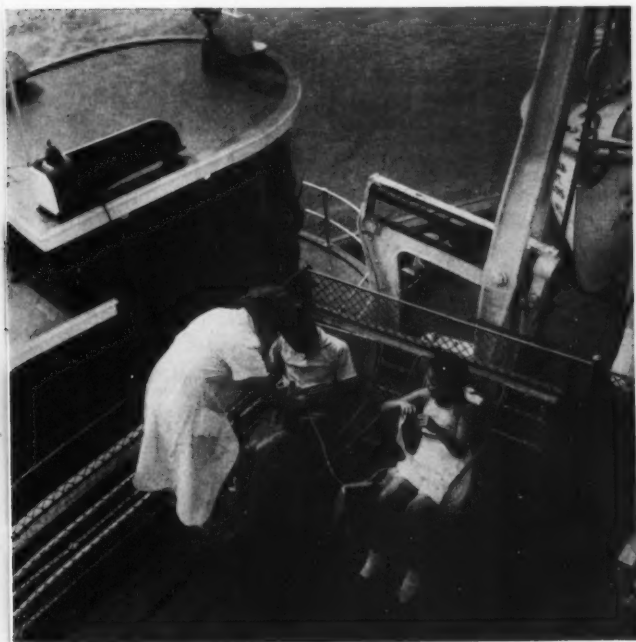
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PHOTOS BY GEORGE PICKOW, THREE LIONS





Susie's Picnic

MARTHA WARD DUDLEY

Illustrated by
Edna Potter Divine

ONE beautiful Friday afternoon,
Susie Q. Allenby said:

"Mother, mother, let's go to the park
with our food in a picnic basket."

And Susie's mother said,

"All right, Susie, I'll pack it up
if Mary will go to the grocery store
to get the food
to put in the picnic basket."

So Susie went to her big sister Mary
and told her the plan and asked if she
would go to the store for mother. And
Mary said,

"If Janey will finish sweeping the porch,
then I can go to the grocery store
to get the food
to put in the picnic basket."

So Susie went to her middle sister Jane
and told her the plan and asked her if she

would finish Mary's work. And Jane
said,

"If Peter will take the puppy out,
then I will finish sweeping the porch
so Mary can go to the store to get
the food for the picnic basket."

So Susie went to her brother Pete. She
told him the plan and she asked him if he
would take the puppy out.

"If Daddy will clean my rabbit hutch,
then I can take the puppy out
so Jane can finish sweeping the porch
and Mary can go to the grocery store
to get the food
to put in the picnic basket."

Then Susie went to her daddy, who
had just come home from work. She
told him about it and asked if he would
clean the hutch for Peter. And Daddy
said,

"If you will mail these letters, Sue,
I'll clean the rabbit hutch for Peter
so Peter can take the puppy out

so Janey can finish Mary's work
so Mary can go to the store to get
the food for the picnic basket."

Just then Jeff came into the yard and he yelled for Sue. And Susie looked out and waved to Jeff and said to her daddy, "Well, I just can't mail your letters now. I'm much too tired to walk so far. Besides it's across the alley, you know, and I'm scared of trucks. And I'd better go and play with my friend in the yard."

So the Allenby family *didn't* go to the park with the picnic basket.

"You're a lazy girl," said Peter to Sue.

"You're a 'fraidy-cat'," said Jane to Sue.

"You shouldn't ask anyone else to do some work when you're not willing to do some work yourself!" said Mary to Sue.

Susie Q. Allenby felt just awful. And then it rained and she stopped crying because she knew they couldn't have stayed at the picnic in the rain, anyhow.

BUT THE next day was a sunny Saturday, and Daddy came home early. Susie was waiting for him. She met him at the door.

"Oh, Daddy, I'll mail some letters for you!" And Daddy said, "Well, there *are* no letters to mail today."

"But I want to help so much," said Sue.

"I'd look both ways at the alley, too, (I'd just be careful instead of afraid.) Isn't there something that I can do?"

I want so much to help," said Sue.

She followed her daddy up the stairs when he went to change his clothes. He didn't have anything more to say.

But just as he buttoned up his shirt, a button popped off. Daddy looked at Sue.

"Can you sew a button on?" he asked; "your mother has too much else to do."

"I can't . . ." Sue started; then stopped and said,

"I'll try, if you'll help me fix my thread."

So they threaded a needle and made a knot and they found the button and Susie tried. And daddy was proud and he said to Sue,

"You're doing a job for me," said he,

"I'll see if I can help another, and maybe when help gets back to Mother, she'll pack our supper and off we'll go with our food in a picnic basket."

So Susie sewed the button on, and Daddy told Peter he'd clean the hutch, and Peter told Jane he'd take out the dog, and Jane told Mary she'd sweep the porch, and Mary told Mother she'd go to the store, and Mother said, "Fine!

We can go to the park with our food in a picnic basket!"



❖ Topics for Teachers ❖

END-OF-YEAR ACTIVITIES

THE END of the school year is a good time for summing up Junior Red Cross activities in some graphic way for the benefit of the entire student body.

ASSEMBLIES

SOME CLASSES hold assembly programs where Junior Red Cross production items, reports of activities, demonstrations of course skills are presented.

GRADUATION

LAST YEAR the South Eighth Street School, Newark, New Jersey, used Junior Red Cross service as the central theme at its graduation exercises. Following is an excerpt from the commencement program:

"PROUDLY WE SERVE"

A PROGRAM describing the history and record of the Junior Red Cross, which is the Red Cross in the schools. Pictures, songs, sketches, and samples of production, are typical of the work of elementary pupils.

Prologue: The Junior Red Cross as a "One World Club"

Songs: "Break Down Barriers," "One World"

Chorale: "The Junior Red Cross Pledge"

History: The Historical Beginnings of the International Red Cross, American National Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross

Song: "Angels of Mercy"

The Junior Red Cross Service Program

*For the Local Community
For the National Community*

*For the World Community
The Spirit of Service*

Chorale: "My Symphony"

Song: "The Junior Red Cross Song of Service"

Graduating Class

Address . . . Mr. Edward Schweitzer, Assistant Executive Secretary, Newark Chapter, American National Red Cross.

SUMMER PROGRAM

INTEREST of Junior Red Cross members in program activities does not often terminate with closing of school. Planning programs, which will carry interest over the summer months, will assure quick swing into fall activities.

SWIMMING

EVERY SCHOOL in a community with swimming facilities will want to assure pupils of full opportunity to learn to swim. The American Red Cross offers excellent training for boys and girls in Beginner, Intermediate, and Advanced swimming, as well as in Junior Life Saving, including the handling of small craft such as boats and canoes. Information can be obtained through your Junior Red Cross chairman.

Junior Red Cross members in the school can aid such programs by making surveys of students within the school to determine the number who do not know how to swim and the number who would like to have instruction, and by distributing and posting material about classes.

Information put out by the American Red Cross Water Safety Service, the National Safety Council and other organizations can provide material for worthwhile classroom discussions, reports, talks, articles on importance of swimming knowledge among school children. Data furnished by these organizations can provide excellent material, too, for graphs, charts, art work of various kinds.

Since the Water Safety Service and the Junior Red Cross work hand-in-hand on initiation of swimming programs, it is important that the school interested in such Red Cross programs work through the teacher-sponsor and the Junior Red Cross chairman of the local chapter, who will get in touch with the chairman of the water

safety committee in the chapter to work out details, and obtain materials for study.

SAFETY

AVAILABLE in a number of areas through the local Red Cross chapter are materials on summertime safety, put out by the American Red Cross Accident Prevention Service, as a part of its published series, "Suggested Outlines for Guidance of Teachers in Presenting Safety Instruction."

Designed for primary grades is the outline entitled, "Summer Is Here." "Down on the Farm" and "In the Good Old Summertime" are prepared as aids for the teacher of the intermediate grades.

GARDENING

FOOD CONSERVATION is a program which cannot be dropped because summer has come. Junior members will want to tend gardens of their own, and maintain the school garden throughout the summer.

Teacher-sponsors can obtain Red Cross materials through the Junior Red Cross chairman and the Red Cross Nutrition Service which will aid in class discussions on food conservation, nutrition and allied subjects.

TEACHERS INVITED TO U.S.

TEACHERS and educators from other countries will have an opportunity to study American education as guests of the American Junior Red Cross. Invitations have been issued to 19 Red Cross societies, asking them each to send 3 people in the field of education to the United States this summer.

Those who accept will attend the annual convention of the American Red Cross in San Francisco, and will visit training centers, chapters, and National Headquarters, Washington, D. C. A series of educational conferences is also scheduled for them.

—Elizabeth W. Robinson



Juniors in the Memphis-Shelby County Chapter, Tennessee, are very busy when spring comes to the banks of the Mississippi. It is time for their annual "flower shower" for veterans.



The Flower Brigade

EVERY FRIDAY morning for about six weeks when it is springtime on the bluffs of the Mississippi River, Junior Red Cross members in the Memphis-Shelby County Chapter, Tennessee, form a flower brigade.

They fill dozens of buckets with roses, tulips, larkspur, daisies and other blooms and distribute them by Red Cross Motor Corps to the veterans' hospitals throughout the Memphis-Shelby County area.

The "blossom express," piled high with cheer and color, is a gala sight along streets and highways as it delivers the spring to lonely

patients who are, in many cases, confined to their wards.

Junior Red Cross members supply vases as well as the flowers. In 1946, the first year of the "flower brigade," they discovered that the hospital wards lacked containers enough for the "shower of flowers." Eight hundred vases were collected by the boys and girls from their mothers' shelves in 1947.

This year the flower shower program is being expanded to include other institutions such as homes for the aged, and children's wards of local hospitals.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....Vice President
for School and College Activities, American Red Cross
EDWARD A. RICHARDS...Director, American Junior Red Cross
ELDON W. MASON.....Deputy Director
THOMAS A. DEVINE.....Assistant Director
ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON.....Assistant Director

LOIS S. JOHNSON.....Editor, the NEWS
MIRIAM L. WISE.....Managing Editor
HELEN S. LOENHOLDT.....Art Editor
MARION BLOOM
WILLIAM J. FLYNN
ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON }.....Contributing Editors



▲ Junior Red Cross members, Central School, Bastrop, Louisiana, arrange spring flowers for local hospital.



PHOTO BY UTICA OBSERVER-DISPATCH

▲ To raise their service funds, pupils at Bagg School, Utica, New York, prepare for a sale of house-plants.



PHOTO BY LOUISVILLE-COURIER AND TIMES

Helping patients plant flower beds at a nearby veterans' hospital is an interesting activity of the Junior Red Cross in Louisville, Kentucky.



*Flowers
that bloom
in
the
Spring*

